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JOHN HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

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THIS world of ours presents great varieties of scenery, but far greater varieties in human life. The icy north differs not more from the torrid tropics, the mountain from the mine, the meadow from the ravine, the lake from the cataract, night from day, than the lot of man differs from that of man, the palace from the hovel, the votaries of pleasure and the victims of want, the fortunate and the unfortunate, the bond and the free. The sun, as daily he casts his mighty glance over the world, sees many things which even his own blessed rays cannot make bright. If he paints pictures for himself as of late he has done for us, he must have a gallery of portraits that reveal strangely the dark scenes and deeds of human history. His rays have, since society began, fallen upon few sights more dismal than the abode of the captive, the prisoner, whether of war or persecution, whether the convicted felon, the wretched slave or the oppressed patriot and martyr.

The criminal has generally been treated as if he had no claim upon humanity. The unfortunate for whom compassion could not but have some tenderness, if his misery were seen, has too often been forgotten, whilst large numbers of captives for whom the question of guilt or innocence has not been decided, have been suffered to languish in dungeons, as if suspicion must needs imply guilt. If all the truth were told, what a history would that of the dungeon

be! What other inscription would fitly belong to it than that written by the poet over the entrance to his imagined Hell?—"Hope that cometh to all, cometh not here."

But he who said, 'I am the light of the world,' came to shed brightness even upon this dark place. We now consider the man who, more than any other, labored to carry out the Master's benignant spirit in this direction, a man who in the depths of his soul looked to God through Christ, and proved his faith by his works. This man, whose name is a proverb, let us strive to understand in his life and spirit, labors and successes.

In what quarter are we to look for the great philanthropist of the eighteenth century? Go back a hundred years and suppose the question to be asked, who of the young men of that time was to win a statue in St. Paul's cathedral as a tribute to his philanthropic services. None would have sought for him in a grocer's shop, or looked for him in that pale-faced boy behind Mr. Newnham's counter in London. Yet such was John Howard in his youth. The son of a wealthy upholsterer, he was apprenticed to a wholesale grocer at the usual age. Although the business was not to his taste, and on his father's death he purchased what remained of his time, he undoubtedly derived much advantage from the rigid discipline of his apprenticeship, especially much of the accuracy in details which enabled him to give such clear statements of the condition of the suffering and point out the efficient remedy. It was years before his hour came and he found his true mission. We can but glance at two or three points in his life previous to his celebrated career.

In the year 1752 or 1753 visit the village of Newington near London, and you find that the pale apprentice has become a man of fortune, and though still in feeble health, he devotes himself to scientific pursuits and charitable deeds. He is now twenty-five years of age and married. The neighbors think him a little peculiar, not only from his unfailing benevolence to the poor, but from the pertinacity with which he insisted upon making the excellent person who had attended him in sickness, his wife, notwithstanding great disparity of years. He takes decided ground as a religious man, and without being at all dogmatic is an interested member of the

Dissenting Church in the place. He himself started and headed a subscription for purchasing a house for the minister of the congregation, a measure which of course we commend to general adoption. Such was Howard at Newington, a kind hearted man of wealth and leisure, of whom few persons out of the little village much knew or cared.

Glance at him once more a few years after. Look into a filthy dungeon in Brest, the naval port of France. There upon the damp floor of the prison, with only a little straw to protect them, lie a considerable company of Englishmen, sailors and passengers of a merchant vessel bound to Lisbon and captured by a French privateer. For forty hours they are left without food, and then but a miserable piece of mutton is thrown to them without plate or knife to hold or divide it. Among them there is a somewhat feeble looking man of twenty-nine years. It is Howard. He is tasting the lot of the captive in all its bitterness and unconsciously preparing himself for his holy mission. Left a widower, with health impaired and mind given somewhat to melancholy, he looked to travel for relief, and was led by his interest in the suffering to visit the scene of the recent fearful earthquake at Lisbon. His imprisonment was not of long duration, though long enough to give him much knowledge and impulse.

Pass on and take one more view of him at a more advanced period. Glance at his position in 1770 at the sober age of forty-three. His home is at his favorite place Cardington upon the farm bequeathed him by his father. Fourteen years of various experience have passed, years in part of happiness with a congenial companion, years in part of sad bereavement. He had travelled frequently in England and on the European continent, and during the year of which we speak had made a continental tour. His mind was of the most serious frame, and the beautiful bay of Naples to his soul rather reflected the glory of God than the effeminate beauty of Italian life. In Naples he made a solemn dedication of himself to God, and without asking the priest to witness or the church to consecrate the act, put his name to a covenant between himself and the Most High. In this spirit he returned to Cardington. His mode of life for three years from our date, was retired, yet earnest and active. He was a good neighbor, a kind landlord, a

faithful Christian. He visited the poor, advised them for their best welfare and when needful relieved their wants. In one point he anticipated an excellent movement which has of late made great progress in England and begun to show itself in this country. The owner of a large property, he considered the poor not as offering him plunder but as claiming his protection. He did not, as many have done, put up miserable hovels fertile in rheumatism and fever, and rent them at enormous prices, but erected on his grounds neat and healthy cottages, and leased them on very moderate terms to persons who would use them well. He walked three miles to church both forenoon and afternoon, unwilling to keep his servants from equal privilege on that day. When the congregation was divided on account of the minister turning Baptist, and Howard and others separated and formed a new congregation, he lived on the most friendly terms with the old parish, and instead of trying to make trouble urged peace, and continued his subscription towards the support of his former minister and the charities of the Baptist church. With his own minister Thomas Smith he lived in the most intimate friendship. Yet notwithstanding all these things the world knew little of John Howard. His hour had not come. Even at the sober age of forty-six his great and immortal work was before him.

The immediate occasion of directing his attention to the cause so identified with his name was his appointment to the post of high-sheriff for the county of Bedford. This office although honorable and responsible was one usually undertaken by some affluent and prominent man who took to himself all the dignity of the station, and left its labors to some subordinate. Howard was not the man to content himself with grand pageants and banquets to which the high-sheriff was usually called. Scrupulously faithful to his duties, he took an early opportunity to inspect the gaol of his county. He saw at once that a state of things existed there that called out his warmest indignation and protest. He was struck first of all by the outrageous custom of retaining men in prison after their acquittal, for the payment of fees charged them for the time spent in confinement previous to their trial. Anxious to abate this abuse, he investigated the condition of other gaols in the

hope of finding more humane precedents, and thus his career as the prisoner's friend began. This was in the year 1773.

The revelations of oppression and misery that constantly presented themselves to him in his tour through England astonished himself as they did the whole English public. The disease, vice and injustice that were connected with the prevalent system, he carefully investigated and boldly exposed. The attention of the English Parliament was at once drawn to the subject, Howard was examined before the House of Commons, and a bill was passed abolishing the obnoxious gaol fees and providing for the better health of the prisoners.

What to some men would have been hailed as a triumph sufficient to crown a life with honor was to him but the beginning of his work. He aimed as it were to take the whole census of human misery, and after two tours of observation through England and Wales, and two visits of examination to the continent, he published his first grand treatise on prisons in the year 1777. We may regard the publication of this work as closing the first period of his philanthropic career. I cannot review or even classify the forms of misery that he met with in the prisons of Europe. In Holland he found some ray of light, but almost every where else the darkness was unbroken, and punishment seemed to have no reference to the reformation of the offender. One incident is worthy of mention in his first visit to France for its high historic interest. At Paris he tried to obtain admittance into the Bastille, and actually passed within the outer gate. But an officer came out of the guard-house with such a look of astonishment and threatening that the philanthropist made his way back as quickly as possible. What thoughts are suggested by this fact—Howard and the Bastille!—the spirit of humanity endeavoring to enter the dungeon of feudal despotism! Humanity is repulsed, and despotism triumphs within its moats and battlements; the captives in the iron cages were not then to hear the voice of a friend. How different the meeting some ten years afterwards at those gates. Not gentle humanity but terrific revenge stands face to face with feudal despotism, and the Parisian mob razed the stronghold of tyranny to the ground. May humanity not plead thus in vain with

the remnants of feudal oppression that still curse the earth. May the gentle dews of mercy avert another baptism of blood.

With an industry as devoted as his philanthropy, Howard superintended the publication of his researches. Exact in particulars, but by no means ready at composition, with vast pains he arranged for the press the results of his three years' investigations and more than ten thousand miles' travel. He took lodgings close to the printing office, and rose at three or four during a severe winter that he might faithfully correct the proof sheets. It was a quarto volume of over five hundred pages that he now dedicated to the House of Commons, and put at a price so low that charity was as much stamped upon its sale as upon its contents. There is no important idea in the great subject of prison discipline that is not to be found expressed or implied in this book.

This task over, a new period of labor opened upon him. In this second stage of his public career, beginning with the year 1778 and ending 1785, he twice made the tour of Great Britain and thrice visited the continent for the inspection of prisons, acted as commissioner of the English Parliament for the erection of a penitentiary, published the result of his researches in an Appendix to his great work, and sent forth a revised edition of the whole. New abominations were constantly brought to light. The secrets of the torture-chamber were revealed, and it was discovered that the eighteenth century with all its boasted light and humanity tolerated atrocities of which the darkest age of the world might well be ashamed. At the close of seven years of renewed labor, we find Howard once more at Cardington, and might well presume that after such exposures and sacrifices, being as he was, upon the verge of sixty years of age, he would now spend the remainder of his days in a dignified yet benevolent retirement. But his absorbing love would not let him rest. Where suffering called, he could not but follow. A new stage of his career opened.

He had plunged into the dark cell of the prisoner, he had exposed the great evils of prison discipline, and urged upon Christendom the duty of mingling reformation with punishment in the treatment of the criminal. Another great evil of humanity now rises before him. He had for years confronted the gaol-fever in the prisons of England. He now resolved

to face that most terrific of human ills, the plague. Forth he goes on his heroic expedition, to the lazarettos or plague hospitals of Europe. He insisted on going entirely alone, unwilling that his accustomed and devoted attendant should share the perils of the terrible excursion. His examination of the lazarettos extended beyond the limits of Christendom, and the Mohammedans of Smyrna and Constantinople were astonished at this Christian, who blended such daring and tenderness in his visits of mercy to the scenes of infection. Through all, he kept his faith and courage. A cheerful heart was of great power alike in giving strength and withstanding disease. In a letter to a friend at this time, he deprecates the idea of having undertaken a wild or chimerical enterprise, although fully aware of the extent of his exposure. . . . "But I persevere," he says, "through good report and evil report. I know I run the greatest risk of my life. Permit me to declare the sense of my mind in the expressive words of Dr. Doddridge,— 'I have no hope in what I have been or done.' Yet there is a hope set before me. In him, the Lord Jesus Christ I trust. In him I have strong consolation."

Returning home in 1787, he was sincerely troubled to find an effort in progress to erect a statue in token of his services, and stopping this enterprise by his earnest entreaties, he gave himself now to the task of embodying his new researches in a quarto volume on Lazarettos.

Surely now his labors are at a close, we cannot but say. Over sixty years of age, with infirm health and with a son a constant source of solicitude to him, he certainly must give himself to repose and pass his few remaining years in comparative leisure. But his book on Lazarettos gave indications of another journey like the last. Look over his journal kept at this time, and we may understand his state of mind. We find passages like these bearing the date of Sunday evening, March 15, 1789.

"An approving conscience adds pleasure to every act of piety, benevolence and self-denial. It inspires serenity and brightens every gloomy hour, disarming adversity, disease and death. It is my ambition to put on the Lord Jesus Christ and have the same mind that was also in him.

"Health, time, powers of mind and worldly possessions

are from God. Do I consecrate them all to him—so help me, O, my God.

“Our superfluities should be given up for the convenience of others—our conveniences should give place to the necessities of others—and even our necessities give way to the extremities of the poor.”

Such were this man's Sunday evening thoughts at his home in Cardington the last year of his life. These thoughts were forthwith translated into actions. Once more and with a presentiment of approaching death, he went forth to study the nature of the plague in its most fearful haunts in Russia, Turkey and the East. It is sad to say farewell even for a few months to any thing that we love. There was great beauty and pathos in Howard's farewell to England, his home and friends—a farewell for ever. He made his will and all necessary arrangements as to his property; he even gave directions for his tomb stone, and forbade any epitaph except the simple inscription of his name, age, death and the words “My hope is in Christ.” He visited the poor in his neighborhood, passed the evening before his departure in the grove planted by himself and the deceased friend most dear to him, and on the morrow he was on his way in search of the pestilence that walketh in darkness.

Visiting all the chief prisons and hospitals on the way, he went through Germany to St. Petersburg and thence to the borders of the Black Sea to Cherson where war and disease had accumulated their horrors. Whilst the Russian army were revelling in festivity for their victory over the Turks, the philanthropist was pursuing his holy vocation at the bedsides of the sick and dying. His hour came as it must come to all. Called to visit a young woman sick of malignant fever, and thus obliged to ride a long distance in the cold and wet on horseback, he was no longer proof against infection, thus enforced by fatigue and storm. Calmly, even cheerfully he watched death as it came stealing over him. He gave directions for his funeral to the friend who attended him, and forbade that any monument or inscription should mark the spot of his burial; “but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sundial over my grave and let me be forgotten.”

Forgotten he could not be. War and winter did not pre-

vent Russia from honoring his obsequies with the pageantry that he had deprecated. And when England heard the news of his death, it was commemorated as a public calamity, and ere long the statue of Howard stood in St. Paul's cathedral.

LETTER FROM A DECEASED PASTOR.

BE not startled, my brother, by a voice from the unseen world. It is given in answer to your own fervent prayer for profitable knowledge, and will make no idle revelation. It utters no response to vain curiosity, but has much to say to your conscientious entreaty for practical truth.

You would intrude on none of the secrets of the Almighty, and I cannot speak to you of the spiritual existence to which I have escaped. One thing only may I tell you of my present state. It is a state of *penitence*; and that I may tell you this, I am permitted to breathe upon your soul.

I passed away in peace, and those who wept around me as soul and body parted, were comforted by the recollection of a life they had deemed exemplary, and a dissolution so calm and holy. The calm was holy, for it sprang from trust in the mercy of God, and the hope that I had committed no unpardonable sin. I believed that, having tried to serve God with all my heart and soul, He would graciously forgive my shortcomings. And it is not under His severe displeasure that I now suffer anything; not under His direct wrath, only through the operation of his laws acting in the very constitution of my spirit. His immediate displeasure would be the added penalty for sins blacker than mine. His love and pity support and comfort me in my penitence.

My brother, such offences as mine find sufficient punishment when the freed soul first becomes conscious of them. The bare knowledge of them brings such surprise and pain, that I would warn and save you from it. I was warned by the living, but I heeded not. I would see with no eyes but my own, and my vision was dim. The instant that the light beyond the grave broke upon my soul, all was plain. I knew my errors.

But on earth you and I never met, and I must tell you something of what my condition there was. Yours resembles it much. Your perils are so similar to those from which I have suffered, that of all the spirits prisoned in flesh whom I now survey unseen, yours fixes and attracts me with a tender sympathy. Former earthly bonds are partially dissolved. New attractions operate.

Under the influence of a pious mother I was early drawn towards God and Christ, and thought I could have the best opportunity to copy our Master, should I become a minister of his Gospel. I gave myself up devoutly to the duties of an office on which I entered young, unsophisticated, and ardent. And during the first two years of my ministry I found, like all earnest young men in a similar position, more than enough to do for myself and for others. I was the pastor of a society consisting of nearly two hundred and fifty families in a large, growing country town: and to do as much good as possible, in the pulpit and out of it, was my heart's desire.

At the end of two years I married — married well. That is, the wife whom God gave me was tender, prudent, energetic, pious, heavenly-minded. In all things she was a helpmeet and a blessing. And one purpose for which God appointed the holy estate of matrimony, and for which I sought it, was answered. A new world of sympathies, duties and aspirations opened upon me, and many elements of my nature glowed into action, which would have lain dormant unless warmed under the genialities of a true home. Among the husbands and fathers of my people, I too was a husband and father; with a profounder solemnity did I pronounce the benediction on two blended lives; when I stood by the cradle in the house of a young couple, I was no stranger to the emotion with which a young man gazed into it upon his helpless first-born; I sprinkled the water of baptism, or I took the laughing child on my knee, as no childless man could have done; and I prayed with bereaved parents, as no childless man could have done.

Years went on; my necessary cares increased. My parish grew regularly. It numbered two hundred and ninety families, and I had six children. Had I not enough to fill every waking hour?

Into the relations of pastor, husband and father I had entered voluntarily, and in so doing had pledged myself to perform the duties incurred, to the utmost of my ability. I entered on these, knowing that they would demand the whole of my time and powers, if rightly performed, and that as years advanced, their claims would probably increase. I knew that they were the most important, the most holy of all duties which mortal man can assume, and not to be put aside for any other. I knew this, I say. But I never could have meditated upon it, have become possessed of the spirit of this truth, have taken it in among my deep convictions; or it would have exerted a more direct and practical influence upon my course. Gradually I was led into other relations and added responsibilities. Both as a citizen and father I was bound to feel a deep interest in the cause of education, and I did. After a time it appeared that no man worked more indefatigably on the School Committee than I, and more and more of the labor came upon me. My mind was disciplined to methodical labor, my heart was in the work, and I did work. — The Temperance Society in our town needed a working man, and I was theirs. My conscience — in the blazing light now let in upon it — maintains that my exertions in that cause were useful. But they required thought, time, strength, and I gave each.

Still my sympathies grew, expanded, and went abroad. Confidence was felt in my capacity and fidelity, and it brought fresh demands. I was the guardian of widows and orphans: I was the trustee of literary and benevolent institutions in our own and neighboring towns; I was co-editor of a religious periodical which had been suffering for want of a laborious man. I will specify no more. Night after night I sat at my desk and walked my study in the act of composition, till the stars grew pale. My wife sighed on her pillow as she heard my footfall; and looked silently and sadly at my haggard face when I came to the breakfast-table; and still men asked me to do more, and said "Whom *can* we get to do it, if you will not?"

And now I will tell you how my fortieth birthday found me.

To my first engagements, as a minister of the Gospel, I had remained outwardly true. No reasonable parishioner, I be-

lieve, complained of personal neglect or want of sympathy from his pastor. Desperate had been the effort with which I had maintained my grasp on my early pledge, almost swept from me a thousand times by the rush of a thousand other and later claims.

To my engagements as a husband and father I had remained outwardly true ; loving to my all-deserving wife I had ever been, firm yet tender in my parental discipline.

But alas ! I now see that to neither set of duties was I *wholly* true. I had taken from them a portion of my time and thoughts which actually belonged to them, and consequently did not do for them all that I should. There were many individuals among my people with whom I ought to have been in closer communion, many young and tempted spirits with whose inward struggles I should have been better acquainted. But I *had not time* for the personal intercourse which it would have required. True, this field of duty which I had somewhat neglected was narrower than that on which I had entered, but it was *mine* ! I had chosen it, and having put my hand to the plough, had no right to relax my grasp unless I yielded it to another laborer.

Then my discourses. My people liked them, and many called them eloquent, and some grew better by them, and this satisfied me. But they were not what they might have been, and accomplished not all they should, because I left for their preparation only such hurried hours and jaded faculties. I did not give my people my best powers as I had virtually promised.

My noble-minded, disinterested wife had not all that was justly hers. That no word of complaint ever escaped her, that she believed me perfect towards her, appears to me now an aggravation of my fault. Knowing how much I revered and loved her, sure that she knew it and was happy in it, it seemed to me that all was as it should be. To her I left — oh, how much of household care, and parish duty, and parental responsibility ! It did not seriously impair her health at the time, for she had a vigorous constitution, but she is yet to feel the effects of it. As years went on, fewer and fewer were the hours of quiet holy communion between us, of reading together, of exchanging experiences, of praying together, and

strengthening one another, though I remembered sometimes that all this entered into our rational plans of mutual improvement and joy when we married. I might have known that we should both have been better and stronger for it. From perpetual toil and drive, I ought to have paused to get new power from her pure affection, home-cultivated sense of the right, womanly instincts, and strong sympathies. It was the fountain of refreshment which God had placed at my side, yet I seldom turned my parched lip to it. And how often did she long to lean on my stronger arm, and crave the help on her weary pilgrimage which I had solemnly vowed to her; yet silently she toiled on, because she saw that I had undertaken other things, and was glad that I should do them. I said, sometimes, when a glimpse of the truth crossed my mind, it cannot be that she "wants more of me than I give her, she is strong in her faith and purity, she is better than I, and we understand each other." Alas! why had I not better learned how to balance duties?

My children! what right had I to become a father unless I meant to perform all a father's duties? I once thought none more imperative, more sacred or sweet. Even so best could I serve God and my country. It was in anxiety about my children that I had first learned many ways of promoting the cause of good education in our community. Now I considered myself a conscientious father; nay, I was so. But I made one great mistake. I did not give myself time enough with my children. I might have understood them better, have had more of their free confidence, saved them some errors and sufferings, helped them to earlier excellence, if I had given them more of my society. On this point too I sometimes had momentary misgivings, and again the self-excusing spirit pleaded — "their mother is competent to all which I leave undone, she accomplishes it all." Was it a reason that I should neglect what was clearly my work, because another would do it for me? And could she do her work and mine too without being overtaken? I never thought of that.

And now came on the meridian of life. I had no longer the strength and elasticity of youth, but I had habits of arranging and despatching an immense amount of business. And the harness of toil had been added piece by piece, and

worn till it seemed a part of myself, and I never thought of shaking it off.

How I labored day and night ! I had permitted claimants to multiply, and stated tasks to accumulate, till I had accustomed myself and others to think I must refuse to do nothing which was in itself right. Some things I engaged in almost reluctantly, wondering how I could find time, yet saying to myself—"if you do not, there is no one else who will, and the thing ought to be done."

It did not occur to me that it would be a more lasting good to use half the time in urging and preparing others for performance. I ought to have searched for proper instruments, and laid it upon them. It would have been better for the community, for the individuals selected, and for me, if I had engaged, raised up, brought into activity the capacities of others, which could not be while I was doing so much positive drudgery, with a short-sighted readiness.

And so when the days and evenings were not long enough, I broke God's physical laws. I was disobeying one set of my Maker's commands, written in my very nerves and muscles, while I fancied myself fulfilling another. Brief were the hours I gave to sleep or recreation. In my wisdom I was sometimes tempted to smile contemptuously when men spoke of *recreation* as a thing which had its place and claims. Because, endowed with a strong constitution and stimulated by incessant demand on my powers, I perceived no immediate injury, I maintained that there was none. More and more unnatural and unlawful was the life I led, and when at last gentle warnings came from affectionate lips, I thought the plea of "duty" was answer enough.

Then came intimations from within, and they too were neglected. Weariness and pain I felt, but imagined they must be heroically despised. I forgot that God sometimes deprives us of that which we abuse, and I was abusing much. I forgot that this ban rests upon excess of *every* sort. Excess in the pursuit of many things innocent in themselves, I knew to be sin ; I had preached always against all excess ; yet every day of my life I now went to excess in labour.

Unconsciously my powers were impaired, my health suffered, my over-tasked faculties became less clear, my work

was not so well done, but I struggled on. My nerves were injured; I had once laughed at the idea of such a thing. But now I was irritable and impatient, though I hardly knew it; my wife and children did, to the diminution of our domestic happiness. Still I worked on. Had I worked only for my people and my family, those whose claims were first and mightiest, going beyond to do only what could be done with due regard to them, then might I have served God and man for years longer. But I had accustomed so many to look to me that I knew not how to disappoint them. I had taken so many strange burdens on my shoulders, that while I looked about for something on which to lean and take breath, I staggered and fell.

It was a terrible waste. It was a sad miscalculation. Now I see that God spoke to me through those occasional momentary misgivings, through the first warning voices of affection, through the earliest symptoms of physical exhaustion. I did not listen. I would behold nothing but my own wilful estimate of duty. Then God took me out of the flesh, and gave me to see my errors with a fearful distinctness. I saw that I had gone to what was beyond, and left undone the work nearest me. I saw the unnecessary suffering I had occasioned, the direct violation of God's law I had committed, the omission of those duties pastoral, conjugal, and parental, to which I had been vainly pledged.

My brother! may God spare you such a revelation when the mysteries of your future being open upon you! You are in danger. Ask not how or whence comes this warning. A loving father sends it to your soul. Give it solemn thought and prayer. Pray against that which is to you as complete a temptation as the love of pleasure or of wealth may be to others.

HOME AND HARMONY.

[Concluded from April No.]

"I now see the difference in the internal arrangement of these three families. Colonel Ashton seemingly acknowledges there is a God, by his attendance at the house dedicated alone to the Most High. His morning service performed at church,

he feels no more concern for the rest of the day, but passes it as most convenient, either in riding or walking with his brilliant daughter, or in entertaining friends and acquaintances. Religion is a thing he is not concerned about. He gives his laborers and attendants time, 'if they choose such methodisms,' (as he terms them) but for his part, he takes no interest in such affairs. Satisfying himself he is a good man, inasmuch as occasionally giving of his abundance, endeavoring to treat all men fairly, and not oppressing the poor unnecessarily, he thinks, with these good deeds, a seat will be reserved for him in Heaven, without his troubling himself to make its rest secure. Thus, year after year passes on, but reflection or change has not yet opened the eyes of the misguided man to his sin. Therefore, he educates his family by his influence and example, to tread the same gloomy path."

"Let me interrupt you a moment, friend, to recount a scene I once witnessed at the Colonel's. Passing a few days there, I was reading one morning in the parlor, when Julia, entering, came to her father, saying:—

"'Father! what can I possibly do in this desolate spot? There is nothing on earth for me to be interested in. I fear I cannot endure it long.'

"'Where are your books, my daughter? Your music? your embroidery?'

"'My books! Why, you forget, father, I have finished my education. Music I weary of, when alone, and embroidery will not always please me. For my part, I do not know what those persons who always live in the country can possibly find to do. It is so still and gloomy here, as if it were one long Sabbath day. I try in vain to amuse myself. I am anxious to return to the city, where there is some excitement.'

"'My child, anything reasonable, that money can obtain, is at your command. At present, it is necessary for me to remain here, and it distresses me exceedingly to see you so unhappy and discontented. Can you not get Jenny Gray to interest you in some rural amusement? Or why not walk to Sunny Side? the gentle Anna Ashland will not fail of affording you some pleasure.'

"'Why, father, I can scarcely ever get a word from Jenny; she is as full of employment, (as she expresses herself) as I am

of idleness, and she seems to enjoy it; she is always in fine spirits. And Anna Ashland is forever going to see poor people. It is astonishing to me she can be willing to go into those houses of poverty, where the inmates are so dirty and ragged! I have often met her with a bowl of soup, or a basket containing some provision, for these persons. Such a delicate girl as she is, I cannot conceive why she does not send a servant, if she must take such care of paupers.'

"At this moment, I begged pardon for interrupting Miss Rivers, but said, — Were you, Miss Julia, once to accompany Miss Ashland, you would soon perceive why she does not send a servant; if you could see the gratitude with which the gift is received, almost doubly enhanced by the kind sympathy she feels for them, expressed by such conduct on her part, you would think her sufficiently rewarded by the simple act. But to Miss Ashland it is a pleasure, indeed she considers it a great favor to herself, being allowed to relieve the suffering and unfortunate. Were you to attend Miss Anna occasionally, I think you would not complain of a want of something to do. The broad field of humanity lies open before you, and the laborer may always sow good seed in the soil, yielding him ever a rich harvest, if blessed by the sincere wish of obeying the great law of our Father in Heaven, — 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

" 'I did not think you were going to sermonize, Dr. Elwell, or I should not have complained to father in your presence. But you must know that I have not entered the order of the Sisters of Charity yet; so I will even retire, and write to a city friend, to kill time for a season.'

" 'Poor girl!' said Mr. Rivers, as she left the room. 'It is truly a pity such youth and beauty should be wasted here. I will hasten my business, that she may go into society, for which, I hope, she is destined to become an ornament and pride.'

"You cannot conceive, friend, how this suggestion of the father pained me. I knew Mr. Rivers too well to remonstrate with him, but I felt it due my own moral and religious nature to make a few remarks.

"Mr. Rivers, said I, allow me to suggest a remedy for your daughter, for her mind is in a most diseased state. Let her

remain in the country for a year to come, as much as possible, — let her mingle freely with the human beings around her. Seek earnestly for her such friends as Miss Ashland. Encourage her visiting the poor. Lead her among scenes of poverty and distress. Enable her to comfort the afflicted. Teach her to love the beautiful haunts of nature. Teach her that life has duties which must be performed; each day must be accounted for, and as ye have done, so shall ye be recompensed. Above all, my dear sir, awake in her soul the slumbering love of God and goodness. Teach her to love God with all her heart, soul and mind, to seek in his favor her highest pleasure. Believe me, if such feelings were once to take root in her heart, you never would be distressed, as you have been this morning, by any expression of discontent and dissatisfaction.

“Mr. Rivers looked surprised, but was too polite a man to be disrespectful in his own house. He only said, ‘Dr. Elwell your views and mine are in opposition upon this subject, therefore, if you please, we will not speak farther on them.’ No more conversation took place on the matter, though I cannot but hope I have opened a source of reflection for the Colonel, that may yet be of some benefit to himself and family. I interrupted you to give this account, so pray go on.”

“I was speaking of what I now perceived to be the true cause of difference in the arrangement and happiness of these three households. The owners of each being above want, and in comfortable circumstances, yet, in one only is life valued and truly enjoyed. The want of a system of divine faith, the neglect of rightly remembering the Author of our being, casts a shade over all residing at Ashton Park. It is a place of the world — worldly — and affording only like gratification, but withholding all true satisfaction.”

“Well, now your opinion of Farmer Gray?”

“There it is, as you have said, a ceremonious religion prevails. A cold, distant acknowledgment of the Father of mankind. The morning prayer is not offered to Heaven, seeking a blessing for the day; nor thanks returned at night for favors bestowed. But one day in seven is God remembered; the kind parent, to whose enduring mercy we owe each breath we draw, who loves us with a Father’s tenderness. So powerful

his affection to poor, misguided man, he gave his only Son to an ignominious death, that through his great and unmerited suffering, his earthly children might be recalled by a sense of duty and gratitude, to repent and forsake their evil ways, returning to the yearning, outstretched arms of a beloved and forgiving Parent."

"Is it not strange, friend, we can be so neglectful, so callous to the soft voice gently pleading within our breast, — reminding us of the heart-thrilling scene in Gethsemane; the agony of our Saviour, and the depth of the Almighty Father's love for mankind in thus witnessing and allowing this immense sacrifice of his dearly beloved and dutiful child, all for the ungrateful sinner, made wretched by his love for sin."

"Would it were otherwise. The majesty of our Master's faith and confidence in his Father's love, in his greatest suffering, when anguish most insupportable was his; his humble, beseeching, yet trusting prayer, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt,' — this should lead us to devout admiration of our Saviour's character, making us eager to follow on in the path pointed out by so glorious a leader."

"To return to Mr. Gray. I sincerely hope he may be induced to attend our Sabbath school, and hear the instruction given to the youth; perhaps in this way some good may spring from his reflections. His children already placed there as scholars, will, I hope, perceive the error of their present position, and be enabled to correct, before too late, their false views upon these sacred and important concerns of life."

"As superintendent of the school, it will be my duty to call and see the children. I shall take an early occasion for so doing."

"Now, once more to speak of Sunny Side. At early morn, when the dewy grass is smiling in the sunbeam's glance, thanking God in its renewed gladness; when the buzzing bee and the warbling bird sing songs of gratitude and love, then rises from this pure home the morning offering of thanksgiving, the sweet incense of hallowed affection from the altar of sincere and loving hearts, ascending with the perpetual fragrance of moral goodness to the very home of the Eternal. This is the hour of family worship, when unitedly they come with one

voice, to praise the goodness of their Father, and to sing his majesty and power, — humbly asking forgiveness for sin, and strength for the fulfilment of all they may be called to meet. Then follow the duties of the day. Each moving gently and kindly, never idle, pursuing always some good word or work. Each wearing the immortal chaplet formed of Truth's unfading flowers, with the beautiful inscription, 'God is love.' With this protection they are satisfied. The world can neither give nor take away their happiness. It is above the world, fixed on things never to change. Through each hour of life, religion is the handmaid. It is the friend of labor, and of needful rest — never forgotten. The spirit of holiness is around all, pervading all with sacred beauty. On errands of love and mercy, or in the kindly hospitalities of the home-circle, the family at Sunny-Side seem the peculiar acknowledgment of divine blessing, 'For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness; his countenance doth behold the upright.' When the close of the day approaches, and the folding flowers gently turn to rest; when the sighing breeze is hushed, and all creation, thankful, sinks in silent awe, then again meet the pastor's family round the household altar, and return their thanks to him who gave them all, who led them through the day in gentleness and peace. The blessing of Heaven is implored upon the whole world abroad, as well as on their own sweet fold. This finished, the hour of rest draws nigh, and thus the day, with God begun, is ended in his love."

"Let me again interrupt you, and give you a more detailed account of Anna Ashland and her parents.

"One night, making my usual round of visits, I passed the little cottage of blind Giles, (as the children call him). It was late in the evening, and seeing a dim light from his casement, knowing his extreme age, I feared he might be in distress. I gently opened the door of his room, and there kneeling by the bed-side was this lovely girl, with his two shrivelled and trembling hands clasped in hers, praying God to receive his spirit when it was his will he should pass away. I waited until she had finished, not daring, even by a breath, to disturb such a hallowed scene. She seemed like a ministering angel, so young and fair, guiding the worn and trembling frame to an everlasting rest. The old man had been more feeble

that day than usual ; toward nightfall, Anna having visited him, endeavored to persuade him to let her seek me ; but he kindly thanked her, saying, ' It was of no avail. God had long been merciful to him, far, far beyond his deserts, and now, if it was his hour to part with time, blessed be God.' He asked her once more to read to him, as she had often done before, a chapter from God's holy word ; then to unite in prayer, that he might gently return unto his Maker, even while he was in solemn communion, if it was his will. As she finished her aspiration, I approached the bed-side, but it was only to witness the expiring breath of mortality, heaving its last sigh to time, leaving us the fond hope, another soul had entered the mansions of bliss. Well may we cherish the idea ; God heard the fervent prayer of his youthful servant ; in the aged man's behalf, and the last hour of Time was truly dedicated to Eternity.

" On another occasion, having under my care a girl of fourteen years, who was a cripple, and in an extremely diseased state of body, I called in the forenoon to see how she sustained some severe outward application I had requested to be made. As I entered, she smiled, saying, ' It is very painful, doctor ; but Miss Ashland prepared the blister, and spoke so sweetly and kindly to me, teaching me all the time to be submissive to God's will ; I cannot be so ungrateful to her, as to murmur or complain.'

" Where is she ?" said I.

" ' She is below with mother, helping her some about the house ; my sickness makes so much labor, besides the usual duties, mother is often wearied beyond her strength. But Miss Ashland is always doing good wherever she goes.'

" You may be surprised, friend, but it is a fact, this young girl, though only in her eighteenth summer, has accomplished more good in this village than most persons in the course of a long life.

" There is a poor girl, the daughter of a day laborer, near her age, that she has imbued with her own missionary spirit. She has for a number of years been occupied in teaching this girl, not only how to supply the wants of the body, but those of the soul. This holy nourishment has been of great efficacy in restoring a child of ignorance to its primitive worth. Through the means of this girl, she is enabled to ef-

fect a larger share of good than she could otherwise do. Those who would be unwilling at first to listen to her kind lessons, might be easily influenced by the teaching and pure example of one from their own station in society. The uprightness of conduct, the gratitude evinced by this child of poverty, her earnest desire to impart the good she had received to those in darkness around her, is a most beautiful illustration of the power and loveliness of moral worth, the holiness of virtue over the perverted inclination of the human mind. This poor girl has dedicated her life to the service of her Maker. Soon as the necessary toil of her daily life is accomplished, she goes abroad to minister to the wants of others, persuading them to partake with her the joy of living in the knowledge and application of the Gospel of Christ. Thus finds she, in this labor, 'True rest from toil.' Her spirit is refreshed and strengthened, and she is prepared anew to meet the duties of another day.

"Here are only a few specimens of the good Miss Ashland has done, and is doing in this village. Her soul is expanded by each new act; and well may we say she presses on 'toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.' Is she not a character to be imitated? To be beloved, held almost too high for earthly aspiration? Others are as beautiful, perhaps more so, in all but the unsurpassed expression of hallowed thought and feeling beaming from her countenance, revealing the spirit of her life, the rich in-breathing in her soul of Divine Love.

"Most lovely is Miss Ashland. We should be led to expect more from her, according to your belief, from the extreme purity of her early education, and the blessed power of her associations. Her parents have been remarkable for their piety, and their son holds much the same character you have given the sister. Such a home as Sunny-Side is indeed a blessed haven of rest. No wonder it is one of harmony. Though composed by several different instruments, they are tuned by the key of Faith, and struck in unison, form one perfect chord. The melody of a Father's love and care, a Saviour's tenderness and truth; this is echoed in Heaven, increasing in power and majesty, until the whole sphere of immortality is one infinite Home of Harmony."

R. N. Y.

A VISION OF CONSOLATION.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

I SEATED me lone in my bower for repose,
Amid the sweet perfume of myrtle and rose ;
Floating clouds of rich vapor enshrouded me, all,
And distilled in bright gems at the lily-cup's call.

The eve gathered softly, — the acacia leaves fell,
In gentle folds timid of night's dewy swell ;
All nature seemed fair, yet a voice in my heart,
Mock'd those slant purple rays ;—so doom'd hopes depart.

As I watched thus the last crimson beams of the west,
The swooping of pinions seemed fanning my rest ;
And a sweet voice familiar breathed low in mine ear,
"Thine own—still thine own, hush sorrow and tear."

I turned me, and there in bright vision beheld,
On wings of twin angels the cherub I held,
To my fond, leaping heart as those angels bent low,
And whispered him home from my bosom's wild throe.

With hand clasped in hand and folded between,
Were infant and boy, my youth's buds fresh and green,
They circled me round in a sweet dream of love,
And we rose toward their blue starry dwelling above.

Then did they in soft notes a melody pour,
The golden harps smiting their shining breasts bore ;
And soothing and sweet were the lays that they sung,
As the notes of the chords that their golden harps strung.

"Mother, in whose arms we slept,
To whose bosom nightly crept,
Nestling in thy love's caress,
As thy pale cheek ours did press,
Ere we left thee, whispering ne'er
Farewells to thy longing ear ;
Come, behold us mother dear,
In this bright and starry sphere ;
Hear our voices tuned to lays,
Lofty as the notes we raise ;
Lays, no child of earth hath sung ;
Lo ! our harps by angels strung !
And the melody is free,
Ever through eternity.

Stay with us, dear mother, stay,
Turn not to thy earthward way,
Opening o'er life's desert sands;
Newly gathered flowery bands,
Odorous of blossoms sweet,
Ever springing at our feet,
Bind us here; far holier ties
Than linked us to life's mysteries,
Gird us in this better land,
Where we wander hand in hand,
By that crystal river's side,
Whose pure waters clear and wide
Circled round yon tree of life,
With its varied fruitage rife,
And its foliage ever green,
'Neath whose shade archangels lean.
Go not, mother, go not back,
To earth's dim and dusty track;
Here is deeper, purer love,
Sweeter rest is here above;
Dwell then with us, mother, come,
Here in this our blissful home.
Never hungry—never cold—
Never sorrowing—never old—
Never hating,—weeping ne'er,
For the wrong the bitter tear;
Striving never to repel
Thoughts that stain where'er they dwell.
All is beauty, all is love,
Glory, thy dull thoughts above;
Tones of angels thou shalt hear
Making all life's mysteries clear.

But, alas! thy robes are stained
With the bitter cups thou 'st drained;
And thou must return again
To that realm of darkness—pain,
And thy spirit purify
By a holier trust, and high;
Then shall we each other greet,
And no more to part shall meet,
Even here where all is truth,
Life, one never-wasting youth.

Haste thou, and be thy return
Speedy as the breaking morn.
Till then, ever thy rough way
We will guard each weary day;
Morn and evening, noon and night,
Hover near a trio bright,

O'er thy rising and thy rest,
 Making the seclusion blest;
 Angel guides around thy feet,
 And the solitude be sweet.

Ever have we guarded thee,
 Since we left thy vacant knee,
 And thy wanderings, tearful, — lone, —
 We have watched; thine own — thine own,
 Nearer to thy spirit now
 Than when birth-shouts smoothed thy brow."

They ceased, and their pinions grew golden and bright,
 And their lovely forms faded in glory and light,
 And my soul felt a calm, a sweet hush divine,
 As saintly ones bend by a God-hallowed shrine.

I woke, and the incense of bud and of flower
 Sate dense on the deep, purple glow of the hour;
 Rich dew-drops had gathered as jewel and gem,
 While the moon cast long rays o'er my garments' soiled hem.

But the whisper of angels still lingered me near,
 "THINE OWN — STILL THINE OWN — *hush sorrow and tear;*"
 And that bright better world where beloved ones dwell,
 Seemed near — ever near — and the glory I tell
 Wraps my soul evermore, like the hush of a spell!

Wamesit Cottage, Lowell, March 19, 1849.

DISCLOSURES OF THE JUDGMENT.

A SERMON, BY REV. JOHN PARKMAN.

ECCLESIASTES xii. 4. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing.

IN other words, if we interpret this text by the light of the Christian revelation, we are taught that there will come a time when all the cloaks and disguises which we have used to hide from others and from ourselves our true characters shall be stripped off.

It is not the main object of these remarks to defend or indeed to state, save incidentally, any particular *theory* of retri-

bution, or of the mode in which the awards of the judgment are bestowed. A few words of explanation on these points however may not be out of place.

Most of my readers, I presume, regard retribution not so much as punishment inflicted by the direct agency of an angry God, as the natural, inevitable consequence following that wrong-doing which must of itself unfit the soul for high spiritual enjoyment.

Some of the Scriptural language commonly applied to the day of final account, we should regard as referring to the destruction of Jerusalem ; and indeed in reference to the whole popular opinion in regard to the day of judgment, we should say that not enough allowance was made for the highly figurative language of Scripture, and that the whole idea was too material.

Inconsistencies and improbabilities might be pointed out, in the common view, that all will be judged together at one time ; and that seems a more rational supposition which makes the judgment a progressive one without reference to any particular time, or rather covering all time, and to which each one is subjected as soon as he dies. The idea of Christ's judging all souls in person, may be also open to objection ; and we may prefer to think that we shall be judged by him in the sense of being judged by the precepts and principles of his religion, the word that he has spoken (as Scripture says) judging us at the last day.

We may doubt, too, whether any spoken words or arbitrary decree will be needful to assign men their appointed state or place. In this world they are not needful. The Master never says here, in so many words, to the faithful disciple, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord," yet he does enter nevertheless, and further and further every day he lives. Christ never says in so many words to the wicked man, "Depart from me," yet he does depart, he finds his own place. Alas ! he needs not to be told that even in this world between him and the righteous there is a great gulf fixed.

On these and other points which might be mentioned, there may be differences of opinion among us, but I suppose most Christians will agree in this, viz. that our future state of being,—at least for an indefinite period,—will depend on our charac-

ters, and that there will come a time, *the individual's* day of judgment, when it shall be decided what those characters really are. If we believe this, we must believe that all hearts will then be laid open, all desires known, no secrets hid ; and that further we shall feel that the judgment is just, resting on a searching analysis of particulars—particulars which will then be as clearly revealed to ourselves. Forbearing any attempt to excite the imagination by fanciful though fearful pictures of what one might deem some of the awful accompaniments of the great day of account, I wish to dwell in all sobriety and calmness on that single feature of this solemn season, which is by far the most important one to us, viz. that then every secret thing shall be revealed.

God shall bring into judgment every secret thing. Let me mention some of these secret things, of character, which will then be brought to light.

Among these, I remark in the first place, will be that long array of secret sins which we have forgotten—forgotten too to repent of.

We read of drowning men restored to consciousness, who have said that in a few brief moments their whole past was revealed to them. Old men go back to the homes of their youth, and all is as fresh as yesterday. Who has not been struck by the power of the principle of association over what has been forgotten for years? Who has not felt awe-struck at developments which he has witnessed of the mysterious power of memory, suggesting as they do the thought that nothing is ever lost, that it only needs to have the proper train of association to be touched, to bring all up again? At our day of judgment, acts shall have a resurrection, from the places where a feeble memory has buried them.

Again. Among those secret deeds which shall flash forth at that time, shall be many which were never executed ; deeds however of deliberate purpose and intent, which no compunction of ours prevented, which we never repented purposing, and which were averted simply by lucky accident.

The wrong act performed by this individual, and the wrong act resolved upon by that individual. Guilty deeds, and guilty deeds only ruminated upon, the will led away captive.

Perchance at that season which told what the character

of our ruling tastes was, we were weighed in the balance and found wanting, as truly as if the inward want had shown itself in an appropriate line of conduct.

Among the secret things gone before us to judgment are to be numbered ruling tastes, predominant inclinations, ungratified wishes which never had expression in conduct; enough that they desired it; — fondly cherished wishes.

The man shall be judged who wrought deep hurt to the innocent and unoffending, and so shall he be who from envy wished it, or who when he heard of it was well pleased that his rival was injured.

Souls shall be judged which the possession of dishonest gain has defiled, and those also which its lust though never gratified has destroyed. The man who has been dishonest, and he who was prepared to be, the moment there was sufficient inducement. The fraudulent defaulter, and he who when trust was reposed in him, was saved from infamy only by a fortunate turn in the market or an unexpected rise of prices. The great offender and the small one, but not small because the inclination to be greater was lacking — all these shall stand probably on a far more perfect footing of moral equality in that day than they have ever deemed while here.

Once more. The secret power of circumstances in making men what they are, or what they apparently are, shall then be disclosed.

Hither unto his judgment shall come the felon, he who was reared among hunger and riot and drunkenness, in a home whose threshold Christian feet never passed, — where no true friend or helper of exposed childhood was ever found, — he whose youthful appetites and passions (common to all) were ne'er rebuked by parents' care and watchful love, lashed into fury by violence or pampered by foolish indulgence — bad examples all around — pious men and women all around, but lending no helping hand of patient as well as compassionate kindness; taught not to pray, but to curse and steal, taught by those who should have been his guides, — not to love his fellows, but to war upon them, to be hated and hunted in return like a wild beast, rather than treated as a fellow creature, whose misery it was to be born and to live or to be permitted to live a heathen in a Christian land.

Hither unto her judgment shall she come, she, the impure one, she who in some dismal den, in some obscure lane of a crowded city closed the brief life of guilt and shame a poor abandoned, lost creature.

Hither also shall come those who were not as these were — and why? Merely in all probability because the providence of God placed them only in more favorable circumstances, but who have never used those favorable circumstances with a grateful or self-denying spirit, or with hearts alive to religious responsibility.

It may be found that such have yielded to the temptations which belonged to *their* position, as unresistingly, as habitually as did those to the temptations which belonged to theirs.

What fortitude, what moral strength, what ability to resist, what Christian principle have they exhibited in reference to smaller temptations which give an earnest that they would have met greater ones had such been presented?

Friends, if we are to be judged by the light which we have had, as we undoubtedly shall be, how many changes will there be in the self-estimates of many who have trusted that they could not be very great sinners, while they were so much better than some others. How many will find that most of the sins from which they have been exempt, are those towards which from the nature of their position they have never been tempted.

Then, too, shall it be shown to many a man that he has all along been giving a wrong name to his characteristic habits — using through his whole life a wrong moral vocabulary.

That what he called Christian principle, for instance, was but the sobriety of a naturally phlegmatic and cold temperament; what he named thriftiness and economy was in reality meanness or avarice. What bore in his mind the character of a noble ambition was but a vulgar love of applause, and that too not seldom, from those whose praise he ought to have deemed disgrace. What he styled industry or attention to business, was in fact worldliness, if the Scriptural definition be the true one. What he thought honesty was but a nice calculation of profit and loss — the honesty of good policy, not that of a high sense of duty.

Zeal and moral courage shall be distinguished from what often passes for them, taste for notoriety, or taste for turmoil; while on the other hand, professed love of peace and moderation, and conservatism shall not save from the charge that he sought more his own selfish comfort than to relieve others' sufferings; he cared more for his own reputation than he cared for right and truth. Then shall it be seen that to be a respectable man, is a very different thing from being a righteous, a good man.

Secret faults called by self-love or others' partiality and flattery virtues — these shall be brought to light and made to appear in their true colors. We shall see ourselves as we were in the sight of God when low aims and small passions had rule over us — while others praised, and when we were proud of their praises, though we knew how little we deserved them.

Then shall it appear how when we suffered ourselves to be enslaved by a mean motive, such as selfishness and more especially vanity, how that became gradually the leading element in our character, influencing, generally unconsciously, almost all we did and said, leaving its slime in the track of even our worthiest deeds.

The untruthful life of miserable sham and affectation shall be stripped of its veil — the virtue the individual has feigned, the opinions he has expressed because he thought they would suit some people, the thought of what this or that man or party or set or sect would say, when he should have been thinking of better things — all that he has done or said merely for effect. So too, with the crowd of malevolent and impure passions, the secret wish to disparage, the small social jealousy, the petty spite, the causes at which because self-love was wounded we have cherished bitter and unchristian feelings — the impure thought, the guilty meditation while the face looked innocent — these shall return to their accustomed haunts, those now secret haunts, the doors of which will then be flung wide open to the all-searching light of a self-accusing, self-judging, self-condemning conscience.

God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing. Secret transactions of trade of which no entry was made, private conversations, words spoken in wrath and in carelessness too — these shall have a bearing on the verdict;

just as is the case indeed before human tribunals, where even apparently the most trivial matters, forgotten the very next moment, assume new importance years after, when brought in as evidence.

Then shall the secrets which rarely transpire beyond the walls of our houses, so far as they bear on character, be laid open. Then will the long catalogue be brought forward of unfaithfulnesses amid life's lesser cares and trials — of domestic bickerings, jars and strifes, in sad contrast with religious pretension and appearance elsewhere.

There too shall be seen those who, because all this is not true of them, because their own homes are happy and as they think christianized, have no thought for those beyond that little circle. What a warning for such of us whose benevolence is merely courtesy and kindness to others of our own kin or circle or sphere or class — for those also who act as if strong religious experience and a vivid faith and fervent prayers and a joining of the church can compensate for indifference to the claims of man the brother, dwell he where he may, in poor man's house, or slave's cabin, or prisoner's cell. What a warning for such the passage in Matthew xxv. beginning, "For I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, I was thirsty and ye gave me no drink."

Then shall the effects of our influence and example, of our remissness and neglect as respects others, appear. The parent while he weeps over his lost child, as well as for himself, shall see how much of that child's undoing was to be traced to the worldly principles, the false maxims, the religious indifference which were always before him in his home.

The evil and the sin, in other connexions, which we might have prevented — the woe and ruin caused by help not given, relief not afforded by those who had the means and not the will, shall be seen. The man driven into crime by want shall testify against those who in their abundance had no thought for him. The lost and abandoned shall tell how, ere they became such, there was a time when they stood hesitating between right and wrong, when a sign of sympathy, a kind word would have saved them, and we gave it not.

Then shall it be seen, lastly, how vain was his hope who when conscience troubled him said to himself, "Surely it can-

not be very ill with me if I go with the multitude and am as good as my neighbors." For it shall be clearly revealed then, that the sins of others cannot hide our own, and that of the myriads which swarm upon the earth, each individual, wherever and with whomsoever he may stand, is as much in the sight of God, as if he stood all alone isolated in the midst of the universe, — his interest in the vast sum of iniquity, marked and definite, there being divisibility in sin as well as in matter.

Then shall the man know how when he bartered away the treasure of his innocence for something else, this latter became in a fearful sense, indeed his own, his property, not to be alienated though others were found who would take shares with him in its shame and its woe. The sins which we believed hidden under the cloaks of those in whose precept and example and influence we felt almost safe, shall be laid bare : for in whatever company they were committed, with the many or the few, the prominent or the humble, the fashionable or the vulgar, great names and great numbers shall lose their accustomed authority. The leader and the follower, the idol and the worshipper must separate. The crowd, the set, the political party, is composed of individuals. The individual must step from out its ranks and be judged by himself. His personal identity, his individual responsibility, will not be left behind in his grave ; they are a part of himself ; they will cleave to him through the dark valley of shadows ; they will be with him at his judgment.

Such are a few reflections suggested by our text. There is another part of the picture which might be presented, of the hidden good as well as the bad brought to light, — of beautiful traits concealed in privacy which the world never saw, — of motives, here misinterpreted, there discerned to have been pure and holy, — of triumphant hope grounded in humility and in firm Christian trust. This part of the subject I leave to your reflections. There is the less need of its being presented, inasmuch as all are inclined to think more of their virtues than of their faults.

In respect to the points on which I have spoken, if there be a shade even of probability that the representations made may prove essentially correct, then the inferences are sufficiently

obvious. The thought of that day should prompt sincerity. The hour is coming when the disguise must be stripped off,—not on the question what we seem or what others say, but what we are, will its decision be based. Let it abate all feeling of arrogant superiority, savoring of spiritual pride, even though others appear more guilty than we,—mindful that we shall be judged by a sterner rule than those will be who had none to show them the paths of eternal life—a sterner rule than that poor boy will be who learned, in his forlorn childhood's home, only to curse and to steal. Alas! for the best of us, if when we think of such as these, we forget that in view of superior light and privileges, the publican's prayer must be the language of our humility and our hope.

Let us put out of sight not only all subterfuges, but all principles and maxims which are not of Christ, but of the world, knowing that many popular, too popular views of right and wrong will not stand in that day.

Let us regard Christ not merely as the Judge who shall meet us at the end of life, but as the Judge in all the questions of duty which every day brings up—the Judge of life as it passes. Let the voice of Christ awaken us from sleep, spiritual sleep. Let it raise us up to a new life even now.

OUGHT CHRISTIANS TO BE BAPTIZED?

Do you remember, dear S., a remark that you made to me last summer regarding baptism? "that you did not think it so important to be baptized as some did; that you could be just as true a Christian without it?" It was a very simple remark, and may have passed from your mind with the subject that gave rise to it, but it has lingered long in mine. It seemed so mistaken a view of such an important matter that I was troubled for your sake. I have no set purpose to influence you by writing to you, except to induce you to read and think for yourself. I would not doubt what the result of that

would be. Your very remark showed you had not read your Bible in reference to that subject; you had decided upon a mere form of expression; you had misjudged by making no distinction between the divine and human institutions. After reading the Gospel you would be apt to say, "I did not mean that I considered Baptism of no importance, but that I had no interest in joining the church." I cannot tell how the merest reader of the sacred records can help seeing there Jesus' command "to believe and be baptized." To be baptized, and "to join a church," are considered one and the same thing, but they are not identical. The one is obligatory; to do or not to do the other is optional, and it is more than probable that many a strong true mind has lived in obedience to Christ without confessing him, because it refused what it deemed shackles upon its freedom, in human laws, but did not separate the duty of confession of faith in Jesus, by the simple act of Baptism, and the optional adherence to any prescribed form or creed. We are told to call no man master but Christ. I am not to call your attention to the idea of church membership. I will allow you as much freedom as the freest could wish, though I would remark in passing that when the one idea of acknowledging Jesus fills your heart, all other things seem of minor importance compared to it. When we become partakers of Christ's liberty we are not alarmed at the thought of any earthly jurisdiction in spiritual things. I would simply arouse you, my dear S., to what you owe to God, for in no way can you prove your faith and obedience to Him, but by discipleship to Jesus. "There is no other name under heaven whereby men may be saved."

I would like to suppose that you had read your Bible carefully, and felt fully the force of the command, for it seems that must be the result of a careful perusal of Jesus' life and teachings. I would like to suppose you had got a step further, and felt it a duty, and had resolved to act upon it. But there is another thought so much higher still, that to speak of the idea of duty, beside it, seems almost an insult; the idea of the privilege of Baptism, the privilege of calling Jesus "master," of being by adoption "sons of God," the privilege of remembering and claiming the promise of the Holy One, "whosoever shall do the will of my Father, which is in Hea-

ven, the same is my brother and sister and mother." And what was that will? To believe on Jesus.

If, dear S., you were told of one whose intellect was wonderfully clear, bright and powerful, whose heart was all tenderness and truth and warmth, whose life was entirely unselfish and sacrificing, and who was as full of humility as of power, of love as of wisdom, would you not be drawn towards him? If it were told you such a one was ready to be your friend, would love you, would make you partaker of his gifts, would you not be willing to do any thing, to make any sacrifices, to gain that love and friendship? I can see your eyes glisten at the thought of such a happiness, such a companionship. You have had always a perfect friend, but you do not love him, you do not care to "confess him." If you had a friend whom you knew had made great sacrifices for you, most disinterested sacrifices for your good alone, and had gone away from you "for a season," leaving you some simple thing to do, for love of him, and to keep him in daily remembrance, how faithfully and gratefully you would comply with the slightest wish; and yet you care not enough for Jesus to come to the baptismal waters; and what has He not done for you? "Greater love can no man show than that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Were you an utterly thoughtless and worldly person, there would be no use in talking to you thus; it would be as useless to expect you to understand it, as for the blind to understand the privilege of seeing. You are far from that. You are thoughtful, conscientious, fully awake to the truth of Christianity, the necessity of religious principle, to the power of religious faith, to the beauty of Christian discipline; and yet you are not an avowed follower of Jesus. He is not to you a personal Saviour. You do not love him as your best friend. You do not trust him so entirely as to fear no change that can befall, because he is your friend. And why do you not feel all this? One great reason is because you have put Jesus far away into the past, and are living upon an abstract idea of right and wrong, warmed it is true by his life, though you do not *feel* that, but as different from a personal love of him as is the difference between loving a friend at our side, and one we have never seen. Jesus would always be at our

side, if we would but call him there. It is the warm personal love of Jesus that is our salvation, that brings us to the waters of Baptism, with humble but confiding and rejoicing hearts, which regenerate us, by forming us more and more in the likeness of the one we love, who turns us away from all sin, as from something that would separate us from our dearest friend.

Your conscience gives you no trouble now, because you are resting in an unconscious self righteousness, in a thought never confessed, but not the less trusted in, of being "justified by the deeds of the law." You cannot say with the poet,

"'Tis *mercy* all that thou hast brought
My soul to seek her peace in thee."

You are like unto "the certain ruler," who claimed to have "observed all these things from his youth." Jesus may love *you* too, dear S., and yet he may say unto you, "one thing thou lackest."

There always seemed so much of solemn meaning in those descriptions, in the Revelations, of "the seal" of the servants of God, that a mournful thought would come to me of those, who had not that "seal," who confessed him not, standing in his presence. They had revered the beauty of his life, they may have lived his principles, but how should it be proved? They had not his "seal." Like the guest without "the wedding garment," why have they not it? I seem to hear Jesus ask mournfully, as when he said, "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." The waters of Baptism cannot save us from sin. They are the simple expression of the faith and love in Jesus that doth save us, opening our eyes to the hatefulness of sin and the beauty of holiness. The struggle with sin reveals to us our weakness and our strength. It teaches humility and hope. The victory comes through the Lord Jesus. To be like Jesus, beloved of the Father, partakers of his Holiness, sharers of his Home, one with him in spirit and in action, who can estimate the privilege?

A.

NOTES OF A YOUNG TRAVELLER ON A JOURNEY
TO NIAGARA.

SPRINGFIELD, SEPT. 19.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters."

AMID all the jarring, shrieking and thundering of the cars, this has been like a sweet strain of music to my soul. With noise or haste, even with fear, I felt as if I had nothing to do. There I sat, *bodily* borne on in most ungentle style, but my spirit seemed just outside, roving through shady groves, gathering greenness, beauty and strength, musing on all things lovely and loving, and breathing in all tranquillizing and elevating influences. Oh! what a happy day! Bright, clear and healthful without, peaceful, happy and loving within. Beauty and loving kindness have been like angel attendants on this first day of our journey. May they find kindred spirits in the travellers, and take their abode with them. Beauty on every leaf and flower and tree, on hill, grove, and quiet stream, and loving kindness, loving kindness, every where. Here we are in our quiet rooms adjoining each other, making one another neighborly calls, looking over love tokens, and congratulating ourselves upon our happy destiny. It is so grand, we both conclude, to be welcomed so deferentially into a quiet house. A waiter to assist you from the carriage, a waiter to take your valise, two to light you to your rooms, &c. To be summoned to tea by a gentle tap on the door instead of a riotous bell, and to find the table such a pattern of neatness and taste, decorated with flowers and honeycomb. Ah, it makes one's reverence grow, and we feel so very polite to one another. H—— has retired, very philosophical, polite and proper. Would that all dear home friends might dream of our blessedness, in our neat little dormitories to night, and see the angel messenger of love which we send forth from our hearts to each and all of them.

Sept. 20th. A good night's rest, a good breakfast, a pleasant walk, a pleasant call, fruitful topics on which to enlarge; no bright dreams of home, or the future, so we will let night

pass. But the cemetery, E's monument, the fountains, the simple marble stones, some of them exquisite in simple beauty! The pedestals of one or two of them were decorated with vases of flowers: over one grave a most beautiful weeping willow waved so expressively, as if it willed to veil all sorrow by the gentle tenderness of love. But more of all this in days to come. We found a new friend, at Mr. Peabody's, though he was out, in his wife. She welcomed us like old and dear friends, invited us cordially to stay with them until the next day, and more than all, looked love at us out of her eyes. We talked for half an hour, parted reluctantly, promised to call again on our return.

Syracuse, Sept. 21st. Great heart-beatings at the confusion in the Depot, and the vastness of these strange, great houses away from home. Yesterday, during the wildest part of the scenery, they kept us shut up in the cars, saying to us after a few minutes stand on the back of the car, that it was not allowed. How we clapped our hands when the glorious Hudson, with its distant hills, Catskill, opened upon us, and how timidly I welcomed the first sight of Albany, and how I longed for one blessed sister to share my nice comfortable room, and soothe my heart flutterings. When night comes I miss my usual motherly travelling companion, and make the best of it. You should have seen how very kind the chambermaid was to me last night, dear soul. They look colder and more sober here, and the entries are so long, and the house so big. Were greeted by a plentiful shower on our arrival at the Depot. It is cloudy still. The crickets are singing home tunes, and H. is poring over his map and memoranda. We were up at 5 this morning, and off at 6, after eating what we could catch. Fruit, ice creams, and cakes; queer doings. Nine o'clock and I have not written of the Mohawk; how can I leave that? I could write pages of that and other lovely things, but not to night. I am talking with you, one and all, home darlings, but not to the newspapers. "The Lord watch between us, when we are absent one from another." Good night.

A glorious morning, Sept. 22. Bonneted, gloved, and ready for canal boats. My beautiful gift from L. is here by my side, speaking of her sunny face. These love tokens, how spiritual they become to the affections. I should feel, to lose one of

them, as if I had lost a fragment of the friend who gave them. Our books we have not touched. There is too much freedom and beauty outside to have those much of a temptation. I hear the Depot bell. I long to scribble about the Mohawk.

September 23d. Saturday eve. "Niagara, Niagara, careering in its might. The fierce, the free Niagara, shall be my theme to night." And oh, how disappointed I am! Not in the Falls, for they are more glorious in both beauty and might than human mind could imagine, but my own sensations on looking at them are so different from what I expected and wished. I had anticipated the sight as a great soul-restorer, and felt in prospect all that great peace, tranquillity of mind, lasting happiness, which Dickens more than all others so exquisitely describes. But no, nothing of all this! It has been all day the most painful feeling of weakness, dread, fear, that for so long a time I ever experienced. Oh, it is to me so terribly terrible! Not angry, but fearful in majestic intensity of loveliness. After looking down this morning from the American side, a few minutes, I felt such dread and despondency of soul as if some dreadful calamity were to befall me, as if the "God is Love" were taken away from my soul, and I were to be disciplined hereafter by "The Lord God terrible in might, dreadful in glory and majesty, the Lord God omnipotent." I sat down against a tree, with my back to the Falls, and their great voices in my ear, and looked up through the autumn foliage into the clear blue heavens, and longed, as never before, for Jesus. In such a place, and in such a frame of mind, I thought of a *mediator*, one to come and stand by my side, and speak with a revelation to my inmost heart, of the *Father in Heaven*, of the Almighty's tenderness, sympathy with the children of earth, of rest and peace, of green pastures and still waters, and the gentle shepherd to guide. The friend and brother of man, the one who came to bring peace and consolation, he will be forever dearer and nearer to me from looking at Niagara. I cannot describe the feeling I had, that his spirit was hovering around me in the serener loveliness on one side, and that of the "High and Holy One, who inhabiteth Eternity," in mighty presence, on the other. It seemed too like sacrilege to destroy the unity with which they have ever been invested in my soul, and to feel that the

Son was closer to me than the Father. And yet he must have wished it so, for I had no control over my own self to day, and until this eve there has been no relief from the distressing fear and pain which has haunted me ever since I came. This afternoon it amounted to such sad sickness of soul that I longed to weep. I involuntarily turn my back to the Falls, when I sit down to rest, and think of tomorrow's new study with shuddering dread. The quiet, fresh green foliage on Prospect Island, among which we sat, and threw green branches into the Rapids, to see them float so gallantly down, and laved our hands, drinking water from the very margin, from thence came an angel of peace. A cluster of fringed gentians overhanging the terrible cliff on Goat-Island, I pressed them to send you, but unfortunately lost them on the way, smiling so home-like and happy in the midst of noise and spray; and a gentle little child, standing alone on the summit of one of the wildest banks, oh, they entered my soul with such a sweet overflow of peace. Blessings on flowers and children. The sweet babies here, in their white dresses, with their placid angel faces, they too are formed by the same hand that pours down this mighty cataract and clothes it with such terrible beauty.

The world seems divided to me. One Creator, One Father, and God over all. Alas, how does my faith need his all quickening power. This rush of many waters is still in our ears. How I wish they would speak to me of the blessed and mighty dead, of eternal rest and happiness. But to day they have been sorrowful and dirge-like; sad wailings, helpless and mournful tones, mingled with awful thunderings, have spoken from out the great Holy of Holies. I think of that afternoon at P. after the equinoctial storm, and Niagara seems to me no more brightly, awfully beautiful, than the ocean then. Only there is a *forever and forever* to this. But why such a contrast in my feelings? There it was perfect rapture, a joy, peace, bliss, in believing: a quiet mingling of all heavenly emotions, never to be forgotten. Here, such a terrible fear, that I am like a haunted soul, such sadness that I strive to think of all consoling things. Must this, too, be always remembered, and of Niagara? Perhaps it is partly the physical exhaustion from travel, and the loneliness in a land of strangers. I watch

my fellow-travellers with a species of fascination, but I claim companionship with none. The great gulf lies between my soul and theirs, though it seems to be on my side. Oh for a brighter day to-morrow.

Clifton House, Sept. 24th.

"A glorious theme, a glorious home, Niagara, are mine,
Heaven's fire is on thy flashing brow, its thunder blends with thine."

Clouds have been hanging over us all day; this afternoon we had a lovely little shower with what I *thought* one peal of thunder, but since sunset there has been a constant play of lightning upon the brow of the falls, lighting them up with gleams of sudden and fearful beauty. Thunder I can distinguish none, though here in the stillness of evening it all sounds like distant thunder. We have taken a long walk and are both too much spent to venture out again. I have gained a little to-day: came down over the American staircase, over the ferry, and up this winding precipice road, more calmly than I had hoped. Last night I had little sleep, and that little haunted by terrific dreams of volcanic eruptions and I know not what. This morning however was beautiful and my spirit was stronger. I looked up at the Falls, and seated myself in the boat, with a martyr's feelings. Was glad as we bounded through the current, that the spray hid so much of the spectacle from view, and felt relieved when we were over. Whether the English air has a more phlegmatic influence than the American, I know not; but I have breathed and moved more freely to day, and seem to be gaining assurance on British ground. The Falls here are far superior to the other side in quietness and beauty, and the views much more glorious. As we sat on Table Rock this afternoon, and looked till we were perfectly exhausted with looking, I began to feel a gleam of its exhilarating influence. Beauty? Loveliness? Glory? there is no word and no dictionary of words which could give the painted idea of the scene. That ocean at P. I., ah it was nothing to it. Joy, Sorrow, Fear, Triumph and Gloom, Life and Death, all human experience, seemed depicted in the grand panorama. Down came the flood of joy at our right hand, dancing over the rapids, flinging pearls, crystals, and all white and sparkling gems, into the dazzling sunshine, then dancing over

and around the little rocks, and sweeping off, far over the cliff, brilliant with light and life. Opposite were the dark streams of sorrow and death, cloudlike and sepulchral, all appareled in mourning garments, with a solemn procession of misty clouds, floating before them down the stream. Then the bright green stream of welling water, so calm in majesty and might, descending and mingling with the aspiring prayer like wreaths of misty foam, and the bright robed columns of amethyst, violet, and white, which made way for each other, then met, embraced, and mingled into one. But why should I try to describe Niagara? In reading the finest passages of the greatest writers, I have always felt how feeble all must be. I only promised to convey impressions; would that they were holier and more elevating. I find that everywhere I am of the earth, earthy. "Beset with snares and filled with dread." No new strength of spirit yet. But as days go by and the hush of memory is over all, and I study it over in the peaceful silence of my own mind, then it may come to me with the new and long desired blessing of spiritual strength. To come and look at and listen to Niagara, and gain no more than this? Alas! it *must* not be. This day is Sunday. H—— says the preacher is too high and deep; he cannot understand him. Poor soul; his lameness has depressed him and put out yesterday's fire. We were both homesick before tea to-night; it is sad and dreary to have the doors and windows rattle, as if in a tempest, and have only the memory of love-beaming faces and love-clasping hands to live upon. Well, that memory must be enough, — for how long? Our parting was beautiful: oh, how I shall treasure up all its wealth of love! Have you all thought of us to-day? Can we not meet in the spirit land to night and hold sweet converse in dreams? Good night.

SOROR.

"WE need the feeling of deficiency to keep us awake and active. So also in regard to your own personal improvement, that sense of deficiency, which is sometimes almost desponding, operates to keep one humble, and to show the necessity of continued watchfulness and exertion. What person did you ever know to improve, who felt perfectly satisfied? Who ever became all that he ought to be, that fancied himself already such?"—*Henry Ware*.

EDITOR'S COLLECTANEA. NO. XIII.

Mr. Clay's Letter on Emancipation.—This production of the eminent statesman cannot be candidly read without a conviction of the author's sincerity in his professed desire for the removal of Slavery from the country. Indeed, the Letter discovers indirectly a far deeper objection to the Institution, whether on the score of policy or right, than appears in any of its statements. Mr. Clay has been distinguished for a steady and ardent attachment to the State of Kentucky. He has the sagacity to see that negro slavery is a curse to that State, is growing a heavier curse every day, and if suffered to remain, is destined to obstruct fatally its growth, and ruin its prosperity. Perhaps the fact that it is a border Slave State, and that under the organized and enterprising efforts of the fifteen thousand fugitive slaves and free blacks in Canada West, and through the vigilant co-operation of many of the citizens of the free States on the lakes, the Kentucky side of the Ohio must soon become little else than a jumping-off place for all the runaways of the South, — perhaps this fact, presenting no very promising prospect for Slavery, has its influence upon him. He remarks, in fact, rather significantly, "By means of railroads, Canada can be reached from Cincinnati in a little more than twenty-four hours."

In these conditions, a foresight less penetrating than that of Henry Clay, might well find reasons for being astir, to devise some safe measures for getting honorably rid of the whole system. We do not intend to imply that he is insensible to the moral wrongs of oppression; but only to say that, leaving its inhumanity out of view, a shrewd and patriotic Southerner like him, must naturally feel that the early extinction of Slavery by a legal process, and from the voluntary action of the slaveholders, is both highly expedient and a matter of very pressing importance. His general argument on the absolute character of Slavery, and the alleged inferiority of the black race, is not only quite sound, but shows that he has too generous a heart and too cultivated a sensibility, to fall into the wretched sophisms of Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. Clay's plan contemplates a gradual emancipation of all Slaves in Kentucky after a certain date. As he thought in 1799, so he thinks now, that this is practicable, safe, wise. He would fix a period, say 1855 or 1860, after which all persons born in slavery should become free at a certain age, say 25 years; although they should still be subject to a three years' apprenticeship, during which the proceeds of their hire should go to the State to defray the expenses of their transportation to a colony in Africa, and of their maintenance for six months in said colony. They should be colonized as fast as they come to their freedom. Without this condition, Mr. Clay would be *utterly opposed to any scheme of Emancipation*. The first annual transportation would take place, of course, either in thirty-four or thirty-nine years from this time, according as the plan should go into operation on one or the other of the above dates. All slaves born prior to that date must remain slaves for life.

The cost of the outfit for a single slave to the colony, his passage money, and his support there six months, are estimated at fifty dollars.

The value of his three years' labor is reckoned at one hundred and fifty dollars,— which makes rather a large price. But the Letter expressly takes it for granted throughout that the interests of the owner are to be held paramount to those of the slave,— the past suffering and robbery and degradation of the slave going for nothing. Neither compensation nor instant relief is thought of as possible. The sacrifices to the master, incidental to the project, are regarded as occasions for regret. But it is justly asked, "What great and beneficial enterprise was ever accomplished without risk and sacrifice? These sacrifices are distant, contingent, and inconsiderable."

Mr. Clay thinks it probable that "after the system had been in operation for some years, from the manifest blessing that would flow from it, from the diminished value of slave-labor, and from the humanity and benevolence of private individuals prompting a liberation of their slaves and their transportation, a general disposition would exist to accelerate and complete the work of colonization."

The Letter is addressed to Richard Pindell, Esq., and is written in view of the Convention about to assemble in Kentucky to remodel the Constitution. Its style is dignified and statesmanlike, and throughout it impresses the reader with its tone of profound and earnest opposition to the great Southern Sin. Perhaps the worst feature of the Plan is that it expressly sets before the Kentuckians, as a just and fair alternative to emancipating their slaves, the possibility of selling them, or otherwise disposing of them to the cotton and sugar plantations of the other States. Who, but such as are hardened to the savage cruelties of this melancholy system, can help recurring at once to the opportunity for torture, worse than death, opened by this alternative, to the hopes and the affections of the poor, helpless, driven, separated, disappointed, mocked victims of the selfish oppressor? Nor, again, can we read without a shudder the cool words in which the Letter sets before us the picture of a family of slaves torn asunder by the very act of liberation,— the children going to a sad and lonely freedom, more in the grief of exile than the joy of emancipation, because they leave behind them parents condemned to a perpetual bondage, for the crime of being born too soon. So it is that even the compassion and the lenity of slavery are terrible, and its tender mercies, cruel. The very attempts to terminate it reveal its enormity, and the study of its remedy gives us a new perception of its intrinsic horrors.

We have just learned, on good authority, that Mr. Clay has given a noble practical proof of the genuineness of his sentiments and entitled himself to honor and admiration higher even than we give to northern men, without southern prejudices and associations, who perform similar acts,— by discharging from slavery thirty human beings bequeathed to him by a friend, and providing for their transportation to Liberia at a cost of some fifteen hundred dollars.

A vigorous war is in progress, in the columns of the *Independent*, the parties to which are the Managers and the Critics of the American Tract Society. The Critics are for extorting from the Society more thorough and minute reports of Expenditures, evidently implying much more with regard to the misuse of the funds and the extravagance of the Executive Committee, than they think it expedient to assert explicitly,

although their insinuations do not go, in the least, to impugn the *honesty* of the officers. These strictures the friends of the management resent with more vehemence of language than coolness of temper. The editorial tone of the Independent seems rather to accord with that of the Censors. Old institutions, accustomed to having everything after their own way, are generally a little impatient of a prying and inquisitive generation. We must think, however, that the heaviest sins of the American Tract Society do not lie at the door of the treasury. One would suppose that a deliberate contemplation of the amount of imbecility and trashiness, both as regards literature and religion, which it has suffered itself to scatter through the country, under its *imprimatur*, would oppress a susceptible mind with melancholy to the end of its earthly days. The prodigious quantity of false appeal, misrepresentation of truth, and nonsensical narrative that has gone abroad from 150 Nassau Street, has well nigh smothered the occasional publications intermingled with it, of really valuable matter.

The Christian Inquirer, enlarged, quickened, and strengthened, has entered on its new epoch. It is under the immediate management of Rev. H. W. Bellows, who has the regular editorial assistance of Rev. Dr. Dewey, Rev. Mr. Burnap of Baltimore, Rev. Mr. Farley of Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Osgood of Providence, and Rev. Mr. Clarke of Boston. There seems to be no reason why it should not, with this talent, with the known enterprise of its patrons, and the liberal fund at its foundation, take a high place among the weekly journals of the United States.

The Church of England seems to be at her old game of persecution. Rev. James Shore, curate at Bridgtown, preaches "evangelical" sermons. The Bishop — a mixture of the coward, the hypocrite, and the bigot, — instructs the Rector not to re-appoint him. The Rector half-innocently complies. The Bishop then smoothly informs Mr. Shore that, as the Rector objects to him, he cannot renew his license. So far, the case is by no means an unusual one under the Establishment. But the Duke of Somerset happens to have built the chapel, and, — wonderful for a Duke, — interposes between the Bishop and his victim. Mr. Shore takes out a license as a non-conformist, and the Right Reverend's signature is dispensed with. The exasperated Bishop is as loth to lose his prey, and the sport of tantalizing him, as the cat her mouse. He summons Mr. Shore to the Court of Arches, and as is fitting to keep in countenance a proceeding worthy of the days of the Stuarts, cites a canon of the reign of James the First, to the effect that, "Once a priest always a priest," — *holy orders* are indelible! A priest poor Mr. Shore must be, in spite of himself. He must bear his office, not to preach the Gospel with, but to be persecuted with! The Court sustains the Canon, and he is condemned, charged with costs, — and, like Baxter and Geo. Fox, is threatened with further penalties if he dares to preach Christ and worship God without the Prayer-Book again. Practically he answers, as John Bunyan answered Justice Wingate at the Bedford Sessions, "If I were out of prison to-day, I would preach the Gospel to-morrow, by the help of God." Injured in health, he yet appears before

the congregation of a Dissenting Chapel in London. Under an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, the decision of the Court of Arches has been confirmed, and the costs are increased. He is arrested as he leaves the pulpit, by an officer who cannot keep the tears out of his eyes. The Bishop is appealed to for so slight an exercise of clemency as to allow the sick man to be imprisoned where he is; but the wretch refuses, and so,—shame on all the land of England, and all her law, and all her State religion,—this faithful servant of the good Master is dragged off,—while Bishops and priests stand up in their surplices before the patient people of the realm,—from London to Exeter, and shut up in the jail. So the matter stands at present.

But the outrage is working its natural effect. Strange that persecuting power never will learn the plain lesson taught by eighteen centuries. What a blessed thing that bigotry is born blind, and cannot get her sight without ceasing to be bigotry. Meantime, the eyes of the people are opened, and every added feather's weight of oppression helps to sink the oppressor. Exeter Hall has been thronged with an indignant multitude of English freemen; a member of Parliament presided; resolutions were offered, not complimentary to the Bishop; and a bill is before the House of Commons for the better protection of the rights of conscience.

We have received the "Autobiography of Henry C. Wright," a minute and graphic account of a man, with whose spirit as a sincere and laborious philanthropist we have much more sympathy than with his theology; "The Christian's Catechism on Religion and Morality," by that experienced and devoted friend of Sunday Schools and Children, L. G. Pray, filling very happily a place not occupied by any of the other manuals; a Memorial to the City Government, setting forth the Plan, and the Claims, of an Institution to be called an Asylum for Aged and Indigent Females,—a most worthy project that no heart can fail to bid God speed; also, "Lectures on the Development of Religious Life in the Modern Christian Church," by Henry Solly, in parts; also the thorough and interesting Reports, of that growing and efficient charity,—one of the wisest among us,—the "Needlewoman's Friend Society," of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, and of the Massachusetts General Hospital.

In a "City Document" that ought to be pondered, Marshal Tukey reports that there are in Boston, one thousand and sixty-six vagrant and truant children, between the ages of six and sixteen, most of them in a direct and fearful exposure to the worst forms of vice and crime,—some of them trained in infamy already, the greater part not fit to enter any of our present schools, news-boys, apple-girls, beggars, idlers and thieves. For the better education of such persons, so certain, if neglected, to be the future corruptors of our community, and the criminals in our prisons,—only meagre provisions are yet made. How rapidly might the number be diminished, if an institution like that of Rev. Mr. Barnard, with all its healthful, attractive, enlightening and humanizing appliances, were established in every ward in the city.

INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATION AT WATERTOWN, MASS.—Mr. Hasbrouck Davis of Worcester was ordained as Minister of the Society in Watertown recently under the charge of Rev. Mr. Weiss, on Wednesday, March 28, 1849. The exercises were as follows:—Reading the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Brown of West Cambridge; Sermon, by Rev. Mr. Huntington of Boston; Ordaining Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Robbins of Boston; Charge, by Rev. Mr. Weiss of New Bedford; Right Hand of Fellowship, by Rev. Mr. Hale of Worcester; Address to the People, by Rev. Dr. Francis of Harvard University; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Ware of Cambridgeport.

MISSIONARY MEETING.—As a sequel to the series of Union Conferences already noticed, which have been successfully conducted to their close, an interesting meeting of liberal ministers and laymen was held at the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour, in Boston, April 7, in the evening, to consider the expediency and the duty of enlarging our missionary operations, especially in the United States. Hon. S. Fairbanks presided, and prayer was offered by Rev. O. C. Everett. The principal points of the discussion were the disproportion between our pecuniary resources and our expenditures for missions; the urgent claims of the cause in the present posture of the country and the times; and the propriety of a new organization, or the extension of the means and the vigor of the old, for accomplishing the object in view. The speakers were Rev. Mr. Lothrop, Rev. T. R. Sullivan, William Brigham, Esq., Mr. G. W. Warren, Mr. N. D. Cotton, Mr. J. P. Blanchard, Mr. David Reed, Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. Mr. Holland, H. H. Fuller, Esq., Hon. Albert Fearing and Rev. Mr. Barnard. A committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Gannett, Rev. Mr. Lothrop, and Messrs. Brigham, Fearing and Eben. Dale, was constituted to take the whole subject into deliberate consideration, and report at a future meeting.

CONGRESS OF NATIONS.—Measures have recently been taken in Boston to awaken an interest in the community in this most valuable movement. No object is more worthy of the age, or more deserves the earnest efforts of philanthropy. The recent attention to it abroad should be responded to, cordially, in America. At late meetings held in Park Street Church, efficient addresses were made, among others, by Rev. Dr. Gannett and Rev. F. W. Holland.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.—We are obliged to omit, for want of room, an extended account of the uncommonly effective annual public meeting of this body, held April 15. The Reports were thorough, and will be printed. At the meeting for organization for the ensuing year, held April 22, the following persons were elected officers:—Rev. S. K. Lothrop, President; Edward Wigglesworth, Esq., Secretary; Benjamin Seaver, Esq., Treasurer; Hon. John M. Williams, Robert Waterston, Esq., members of the Executive Committee. Rev. Mr. Gray declined being candidate for re-election

to the office of Secretary. The Executive Committee were instructed to consider whether the quarterly meetings could with propriety and advantage be made public.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.—The anniversary was held Sunday evening, April 22, with appropriate religious services, music by the choir, and addresses to the purpose by Rev. O. C. Everett, Hon. S. Fairbanks, Rev. N. S. Folsom, and Hon. James Savage, the President of the Association. The Institution was never doing more good, nor was its minister ever more zealously engaged in this work of his whole heart than at this moment.

PARISHES AND PREACHERS.

REV. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD, the author of "Martyria" and "Euthanasia," who has just edited, in England, a volume of Selections from the Writings of Dr. Channing, will probably visit this country in the course of the summer.—Rev. Charles Farley goes to California,—not so much, we understand, for gold as for health. He also contemplates exercising missionary functions, as we are informed.—Rev. George Putnam, D. D. and Rev. G. E. Ellis have taken the editorship of the Christian Examiner.—Rev. Mr. Bacon has resigned his ministry at Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. Mr. Chaffee at Montague; Rev. Mr. Folsom the Ministry at Large in Charlestown; and Rev. Mr. Adam at Chicago.—Rev. Mr. Stone leaves Calais, Maine.—The prize of five hundred dollars offered by the American Peace Society for the best Essay on the Mexican War, has been adjudged to Rev. A. A. Livermore of Keene.—Mr. Barrett, of the Senior Class in the Cambridge Divinity School, has been invited to Lexington by the Society recently belonging to the lamented Whitman.—Rev. Dr. Frothingham of the Chauncy Place Church, Boston, has asked for a colleague, proposing to resign his salary, and has sought restoration from infirm health in a voyage to Europe. During the months of his absence his pulpit will be supplied by Rev. Dr. Walker of Harvard University.—Rev. Samuel Osgood of Providence has received a call to the Church of the Messiah in New York city, and will, we believe, accept it.—An able and popular course of lectures on Sunday evenings, in Providence, sustained through the Winter by Rev. Dr. Hall and Rev. Mr. Osgood, has just been brought to a close, leaving a deep impression on a multitude of minds and hearts, of different denominations.—The new Unitarian Society in Winchendon is about to erect a meeting-house.—Rev. Dr. Thompson, formerly of Barre, takes charge of the Society in Leicester.—Father Taylor, in bad health, is about sailing for the Old World.—Rev. Herman Snow has gone westward as a missionary.

G. G. Channing, Esq., the proprietor of Channing's Works, has entered into arrangements with the Unitarian Association for the more thorough circulation of these invaluable books through the less accessible parts of the country.

We are glad to know that great quantities of books pass through the hands of the American Unitarian Association to the various companies going out to California. The works thus sent will become the corner stones of permanent libraries, and the living teachers and spiritual guides of this newest community.